

Miscellanea Poetica :

O R,

Original Poems

U P O N

Several Occasions ;

W I T H

TRANSLATIONS.

Never before Printed.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and are to be Sold by *John Nutt,*
near *Stationers-Hall.* 1706.



Printed, and are to be sold by J. W. & Co.
near St. James's Palace, 1865.

T H E

P R E F A C E.

THe Author of these few Poems is so very sensible of their too little Worth, that he could not easily perswade himself to give the Readers the trouble of a Preface: which, that the Trouble may be the less, he is resolv'd shall be very short.

He only desires They should know, that among the following Pieces, the Original ones are a few Thoughts, dress'd up,

The Preface.

as soon as ever they were born, in the first Rhimes that came to hand, just to keep 'em from Starving : without any time spent in Culling out Words, Filing every Verse, and strictly examining every Expression. And he desires They would look upon 'em with the same Allowance, as They would upon a tolerably handsome Lady in her Morning Deshabille ; before she had employ'd the wonted time in Patching, Powdering, Painting, and other Embellishments.

The Tranlations (as well as the other Pieces) were made purely for the Authors own Diversi-
on, and the longest of them in
less

The Preface.

less time than he is willing his Readers should know, least they should not think it worth their while, to be at any Trouble or expence of Time to Read that which cost an Author so little of Both to Write. Much more might be said to incline Them to excuse the Faults of a Young Author, was he not mindful of the Resolution he has made.

The *Idyllium of Theocritus*, and *Ovids Story of Baucis and Philemon* have already been Translated ; the First by Mr. *Creech*, and Both by the Famous Mr. *Dryden*. Which Translations the Author had never seen when he made his:
and

The Preface.

and this, to prevent the least suspicion of his being vainly guilty of Presumption, he could not forbear to let the Reader know, But he hopes the Difference of the Verse and Manner of the Translation, may be almost sufficient to bear out a known Subject, even to a Lover of Variety.

THE

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ERRATA.

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Corydon

H. R. M. A.

Corydon and Thyrsis,

PASTORAL

Occasion'd by the

VICTORY

A T

BLEINHEIM.

C O R Y D O N.

OF all the Favourites of the Tuneful
Why, *Thyrsis*, why dost Thou alone
The pleasing Task ; nor in the Consort joyn,
To sing of Him, whose Arm so late withstood

B

A

A Tyrants rage : And stemm'd Ambitions flood.
 Of Him, who adding to Great *Anna's* Fame
 Makes Foreign Hills resound her Glorious Name.
 Of Him, who (still may Lawrels crown his Head)
 Is *Albions* Safety, and the French-mans Dread.

T H Y R S I S.

Ah ! *Corydon*, as oft as I retire
 To these cool Shades, Great *Marlbro* I admire.
 With silent steps pleas'd thro' the *Maze* I wind,
 The Heroe still revolving in my mind :
 For whose immortal Actions I rejoyce,
 But dare not sing them with an ill-tun'd Voice.

C O R D O N.



Thyrsis, none better knows than Thee to sing ;
 Oft have I heard thee near yon gushing Spring
 At Eeve, when all the Winds and Woods were
 still'd :
 Each Heart with fresh delight thy Ditties fill'd.
 E'en

E'en *Philomel* then sang in vain; to hear thy strains
 Pleas'd all a round thee flock'd the neighbouring
 Swains,
 Each Lover listen'd and forgot his Pains.

The Nymphs themselves would not be wanting
 long
 And all the Muses did attend thy Song.

To hear thee warble thy harmonious Lays
 Short were the Winter nights and Summer days.

T H Y R S I S.

'Tis true indeed I wear the Muses Chains;
 And I am call'd a Poet by the Swains,
 A Name I can't deserve, my Lays I fear
 Have not been such as *Lycidas* might hear.
 VVhilom perhaps my *Galateas* Charms.
 I have sung : but not of Heroes and of Arms.
 My Numbers will not with such Subjects fute ;
 Nor the shrill Trumpet with the Oaten Flute :
 Loves Fights and Lovers Arms I may rehearse,
 But not Wars Thunder in my Sylvan verse.

For such a Theme would scare the list'ning Swains,
And *Pan* Himself would frighten'd quit the Plains

C O R T D O N.

Is nothing then, my Friend, to *Marlbro* due?
Who offers ev'ry Day his Life for you?
For you, by pious love to's Country led,
He leaves the lovely Partner of his Bed :
His darling Children, and his Native Shore.
Who is there would thus much? None can do more.

T H T R S I S.

Ah! would the Muse my humble Breast inspire
With such a generous and enliv'ning Fire,
As did in *Homer*, and in *Virgil* shine
So bright : And made Immortal every Line.
Our *Marlbro*'s Fame should not to *Cesar*'s yield,
Nor *Troy* be more renown'd than *Bleinheims* Field.

C O R T D O N.

I've heard that *Cæsar* with Ambitious Haſt
 Spill'd Kindred Blood, and laid his Country waſt:
 That He at *Rome* might clime th'Imperial Throne,
 And looking thence might ſee the World his Own.

T H T R S I S.

He did: our *Marlbro* fought not to enſlave:
 But from baſe Chains the threaten'd world to
 Save.

Cæſar delighted only to Deſtroy:
 While to Protect is *Marlbro*'s Nobler joy.
 To kill the Tygre knows, with hunger preſt:
 But Man alone can Succour the Diſtreſ'd.

To ſuch a Theme if I my voice could raiſe,
 Each Hill, Great Duke, ſhould Echo back Thy
 (Praise.
 In every Mead, in every flowery Dale,
 In every Grove, I'd tell the wondrous Tale;

The feather'd Songsters of the Air should learn
 (of Me ;
 And *Philomel* should leave her Mournful Notes
 (to sing of Thee,
 I'd shew thy Acts to each admiring Swain,
 And grave thy March upon the dusty Plain.
 Here should the *Neckar* flow with rapid force,
 There should a Mountain bend its craggy course;
 But Thee nor could the craggy Mountains Top,
 Nor rapid Rivers deepest Channels stop.
 Thine Enemies in vain strove thee to stay,
 In vain at *Schellemburg* oppos'd Thy Way
 With Cannons planted on the Higher Grounds :
 In vain they skulk'd behind their Bulky Mounds.

Thro' what far different Climates, with what
 Hast!
 From one Extream to t'other art thou pass'd?
 A task't had been, to have travell'd o'er so soon
 The wide-extended Countries thou hast won.
 With Thee, Brave Chief, the willing Soldier runs
 From *Greenland* Frosts to *Ethiopian* Suns.

Eugene

Eugene Himself now Owns: and's Proud to Own
That he's Out-done in Arms by Thee alone:

C O R D O N.

Eugene! That brave young Man! whose won-
(drous Deeds
Each Politician with Amazement reads:
To hear how on the Banks of Po He toil'd,
And all Old *Catinat's* Experience Foil'd,

T H R S I S.

See *Corydon*! Here ran the *Danubes* Flood:
Here *Hochstet*: there immortal *Bleinheim* stood,
Here the *Bavarian* with his Rebel Force,
There *Tallard* with the much fam'd *Gallick* Horse,

But all the Sand on yonder spacious Plain
Would not suffice to mark thee out their slain.

See! see! with Fear Distracted how they stand!

Marlbro on This the *Danube* on That hand!

See ! see ! They plunge into th' o'erwhelming
 (Streams
 To shun His Arm : so Terrible He seems.

In such vast Heaps the drown'd Battallions lie,
 That all below they make the Channel dry :

Above the *Danube* swell'd o'erflows its Bounds,
 And staryes the Owners of the neighbouring
 (Grounds.

Our Victors Clemency here *Tallard* found :

And with a bended Knee his Conqueror own'd,
 Captive he now revisits *Albions* shore,
 His Masters Representative before.

O *Corydon* ! should I the Theme pursue,
 And tell of *Marlbro* all I've still in view :
 The Sun, which tow'rd the Ocean 'gins to bend.
 Would end the Day before my Tale would end.
 Yet when I think what He has undergone,
 What toils for Us, I never can have done.

While

While we live here at Ease, with Plenty blest,
 With what an anxious Burthen is He prest
 Of wracking Cares? each night devoid of Rest,
 He sleeps not soundly, as our labouring Hind
 With a full Body and a vacant Mind.

At noon-tide We to arched Walks repair,
 There court our Sylvan Muse: and know no
 (Care.
 Supinely lying in the cooling Groves,
 We teach the Woods to Echo back our Loves;
 Nature to mine has gi'n an easie Grace,
 No aukward Beauty but a Pleasing Face,
 And while she warbles with her Taking Air,
 She blesses me, but makes the rest Despair.
 I with my *Galatea* seek the Shade,
 Thou sport'st with *Amaryllis* in the Glade,
 While *Marlbro* lives expos'd to Wars Alarms,
 And hears no Musick but the Clanck of Arms:

O'er desert Forests and parch'd Plains he goes,
And unknown Countries to the Soldier shews.

C O R T D O N.

Peaceful at Home of Battles from afar
We hear, but feel not the Effects of War:
Of War, which barren makes the fruitful ground,
And rueful Desolation spreads around.

T H Y R S I S.

Ah! *Corydon*, in those unhappy Plains
Where War with Arbitrary Fury reigns,
With useless Weeds o'ergrown the Garden lies:
The shooting Vine for want of Pruning dies.
The Fields lie fallow; and where late have been
The Golden Saffron, and the Clover green,
Hemlock and Thistles only now are seen.
The purple Violet that whilom grew
And hung its Head, the yellow Cowslip too,
And early Primrose of a paler hue,

Are

Are gone : and things unsightly in their stead
 Are now beheld, for every Flower a Weed.

Far otherwife with Us, securely here
 We reap the Product of each bounteous year :
 While *Marlbro* fights, We know not how to fear.

C O R T D O N.

Our Fields and Gardens are with Plenty crown'd,
 No Briers nor Brambles choak Our happy ground.

T H T R S I S.

But tell me, Swain, what must VVe Shepherds do
 For that Great Man, to whom so much we owe?

C O R T D O N.

What Meed alas ! that's fitting can VVe find ?

T H T R S I S.

Something we must, to shew a Grateful Mind.

C O R-

C O R T D O N.

Each morn (ah ! Poor Reward !) I'll think of Him;
And He each night shall be my Only Theme.

T H Y R S I S.

I'll carve his Name on every tender Bow
Of those young Trees, in yon extended Row ;
That like his spreading Fame it still may grow.
Him with her Painted Threads my Love shall
And *Bleinheim* with her Needle shall express.
I'll teach my Little Ones to lisp His Name ;
Who to their Children shall transmit his Fame.

The

*The Story of Baucis and Philemon,
in the 8th Book of Ovid's Metamorpho-
ses, Imitated.*

ONCE *Hermes* and his Father *Jove*
(Leaving a while the Realms above,

And having laid aside the God,

The awful Thunder, Wings and Rod)

Disguis'd in Mortal shapes came down:

And lighting in an Impious Town,

At every Door their Godships knock'd;

But every Door, but one, was lock'd.

At one, low, homely, thatch'd, old Cot

A friendly entrance they got.

Good *Baucis* and *Philemon* there

Had liv'd together many a year:

In that their Younger days they told;

And in that little Hutt grew Old.

Tho bare of Wealth, they ne'er repin'd ;
But bore it with an equal mind.

Two made their Family, with them
The Rul'd and Ruler were the same :
With them, they no Attendants had,
The Same commanded and obey'd.

As soon as e'er the Gods were come
Stooping, within their lowly home ;
Philemon welcom'd 'em to Town,
And kindly ask'd 'em to sit down :
While *Baucis* the too rugged Stool
Made soft, with Cushion stuff'd with wool,
Then with dispatchful looks she went,
On Hospitable thoughts intent,
And th' Embers, which began 't' expire,
(The relicks of the last days Fire)
Uncovering from the Ashes, spread ;
And on 'em Chips, and dried leaves laid,

Which

Which with her Breath the Good Old Dame
Puffing entic'd into a Flame.

And now, the little Pot hung on,
From the low Roof she reaches down
Some sticks (the loppings of a Tree)

Which broke upon her aged Knee

She careful not a stick to waft,

With artificial Fingers plac'd

Under the Pot : in which sh'had put

Some Sprouts her Husband had just cut.

While He much Pains and Care had taken

In getting down a Flitch of Bacon ;

With Fork he heav'd it from the wood,

Which cros the reeky Chimney stood,

To which it was not much unlike

Being black as Soot, and hard as Stick.

For it had long hung unmolested :

But now 'twas destin'd to be tasted.

And having set a Peice to boil,

The time endeavouring to beguile

VVith

VVith many a Tale and many a Jest,
 An hearty welcome they express'd.
 The Table *Busie Baucis* set,
 VVhich chanc'd to have uneven Feet :
 But she, who knew more ways than One,
 Soon prop'd the shortest with a stone.
 Then the Best Napkins she produc'd,
 VVhich were but very rarely us'd :
 First having, for a grateful Scent,
 Rub'd o'er the Table with Spear-mint :
 And now, the Pot-lid with a Clout
 Pull'd off, she takes the Bacon out ;
 And places it, the best she can,
 VVith Sprouts about it in a Pan.
 The Gods, well-pleas'd, fate down and eat,
 Tho they were us'd to better Meat ;
 And made as plenteous a Meal
 As if 't had been Ambrosian Quail.
 For second Course, some Gennitings,
 VVith Nutts and Cheese, th'Old VVoman brings:

And

And highly thinking to regale
Her Guests, she fill'd 'em out some Ale.

But what was much above their Fare,
With Welcome Kind and Debonaire
Our Hosts receiv'd the Gods: confin'd
In Power, they had a VVilling Mind.

At last perceiving that the Cup
Still as they empti'd it fill'd up ;
Our Couple scar'd, began to Ken
Their Guests were something more than Men :
And beg'd on Knees they would Forgive
Their homely Fare, and let 'em live :
One lonely Goose (which was their Guard,
And gagging in their little Yard
Pick'd up a slender livelyhood)
They had, and this ('twas all they could)

The Gods their Guests to pacifie,
 They vow'd a Sacrifice should die.
 But That, with dodging here and there,
 Tir'd quickly the Decrepit Pair :
 And to the Gods at last it came,
 As if it Shelter sought from Them.
 They fav'd the harmless Suppliants life,
 And told the Pious Man and's VVife
 (First Owning their Divinity)
 That all their Neighbourhood should die :
 That They alone from Danger free,
 Impiety should punish'd see.
 But leaving this curs'd Ground, said They,
 Come to yon Hill : VVe'll shew the VVay.
 Our Couple, by the help of Canes,
 VVith some expence of Breath and Pains,
 Trudg'd boldly on ; the Gods their Guides :
 One Hand their Canes, One held their Sides.

And

And now, as soon as ever They
 Had overcome the rising way,
 Tow'rd's Home they backwards turn their eyes;
 Then view each other in surprise,
 VVhen 'stead of Houses, now no more,
 They see a VVatry winding Shore :
 VVhere Tow'rs and Steeples lately rose,
 There now the even Surface flows.
 Their little Cot alone securely flood,
 And rear'd its humble Head above the Flood.

The

*The 27th Idyllium of Theocritus
Translated.*

Daphnis and a Shepherdess.

DAPHNIS.

P*aris* fed Sheep upon the Plain,

Paris Fair *Helen* stole : a Swain

I am ; a Fairer *Helen* She,

That gave so sweet a Kifs to Me.

SHEPHERDESS.

Boast not, fond Swain, of such a Toy :

A Kifs they say's an Empty joy.

DAPH-

The She
D A P H N I S.

Indeed 'tis no Substantial Blifs,
Yet there's some pleasure in a Kifs.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

I Spit and VVash my Mouth: thus see
Thy Kiffes are not lik'd by Me.

D A P H N I S.

Has't wash'd those pretty Lips: come then,
Thou'rt ready to be kifs'd again.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

Go kifs your Sheep, not me, I trow:
I am a Maid, I'd have you know.

DAPHNIS.

Be n't Proud, my Love, but think how soon
Your fleeting Beauty will be gone.

SHEPHERDESS.

Yet Grapes, you see, tho dry'd we eat ;
And wither'd Roses still are sweet.

DAPHNIS.

Come, let us go: to yonder Grove ;
I have a Tale to tell my Love.

SHEPHERDESS.

Ay, so you told me once before ;
But I shall ne'er believe you more.

DAPH-

D A P H N I S.

Come go, I have a Pipe, my Dear,
I'll play, if you 'll vouchsafe to hear.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

I hate your Piping: go, be gone,
And if it please you Pipe alone.

D A P H N I S.

Alas you should, my pretty Maid,
Of angring *Venus* be afraid.

S H E P H E R D I S.

I value *Venus* not a Hair,
While I am chaste *Diana's* Care.

D A P H N E I S.

Hush, lest her Son let fly a Dart,
And fix it in your stubborn Heart.

SHEPHERDESS.

Tush; let Him, let him, if he will :

Diana will defend Me still.

Stand off, nay touch me not : I vow,

I'll tear your Eyes out if you do.

DAPHNIS.

Sure of All Others You alone,

Fair Maid, will not Loves Pleasures shun.

SHEPHERDESS.

I do and will, by *Pan* I swear :

But You his Chains shall ever wear.

DAPHNIS.

Perhaps at last tho, with your Heart

To one less VVorthy you may part.

SHEP-

SHEPHERDESS.

As yet, I've None that pleas'd me seen;
Tho Many have my VVoors been.

DAPHNIS.

A VVoer I am hither come,
And hope to go successful home.

SHEPHERDESS.

VVhat is it that you would so fain?
Marriage, you know, is full of Pain.

DAPHNIS.

Oh! no, I swear, 'tis no such thing:
Not Pain, but Pleasure VVeddings bring.

SHEPHERDESS.

Nay, This I'm sure I've heard 'em say,
That VVives their Husbands must Obey.

DAPH.

DAPHNIS.

Obey? They rather Rule, my Dear;
For VVho is he that VVomen fear?

SHEPHERDESS,

But yet there's what I forely dread,
The Pains in being Brought to Bed.

DAPHNIS.

O'er Child-birth thy own Goddess reigns,
Diana will allay thy Pains.

SHEPHERDESS.

By frequent Child-bearing, They say,
My Shape and Beauty will decay.

DAPHNIS.

But you'l have Children, and may view
In Them Your Beauty sprung anew.

SHEP-

SHEPHERDESS.

VVell should I yield, come should I now ;

VVhat Joynture, Swain, will you allow ?

DAPHNIS.

My Flocks, my Fields, and All I have

Are Yours ; and You are all I crave.

SHEPHERDESS.

But Swear : lest when Enjoyments o'er,

You're gone, and never see me more.

DAPHNIS.

By Pan I'll never leave you, no

Nor will I, tho You'd have me, go.

CHEPHERDESS.

And will you too an House provide,

And all things useful for your Bride.

DAPH-

D A P A N I S.

I will : See ! all these Flocks are mine,
I feed 'em ; and they shall be thine.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

But to my Father, tell me 'pray,
VVhat shall I to my Father say ?

D A P H N I S.

Ne'er fear his Anger , when he knows
My Name, he'l say You 've VVisely Chose,

S H E P H E R D E S S.

Then tell me, Shepherd, what it is:
For e'en an Name doth often please.

D A P H N I S.

Daphnis, a pretty Name I bear,
Old *Lycid* and *Nomea's* Heir.

SHEP-

S H E P H E R D E S S.

You 're well Descended, 'tis confest:
But yet I am as well at least.

D A P H N I S.

Not better surely, don't Aspire,
For Old *Manalcas* is Thy Sire.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

VVell, let me see thy Grove and Lands;
And shew me where thy Sheep-Coat stands.

D A P H N I S.

VVith all my Heart, come let us move:
And first I'll lead thee to my Grove.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

My Goats, I'm going with the Swain:
Feed on, I'll soon be back again.

DAPH.

DAPHNIS.

Feed well, my Lambs, while with my Love
I step but to the *Cypress* Grove.

SHEPHERDESS.

What now? Be civil, leave your Jefts:
What makes you meddle with my Breasts?

DAPHNIS.

These two round Apples, White as Snow,
Are Ripe: and I must pluck 'em now.

SHEPHERDESS.

I tremble every Joynt, by *Pan*:
Pull out your Hand again, rude Man.

DAPHNIS.

Courage my Soul; what shouldst thou fear?
Here's No body will hurt thee here.

SHEP-

SHEPHERDESS.

Nay, fure you would not fling me down
Here in the Dirt: you'l spoil my Gown.

DAPHNIS.

My Coat, my Love, what tho' 'tis New,
See here ! I'l spread it under You.

SHEPHERDESS.

Oh ! fie ! oh ! fie ! for shame ! be gone,
And let my Petticoats alone.

DAPHNIS.

My Life, they're Hindrances to Love,
Which for a while we must remove.

SHEPHERDESS.

Stay, 'ft, I am Undone, what Noife?
I fear some Witnefs of our Joys.

DAPH-

DAPHNIS.

Nought but the Boughs, which murmuring
 (move,
 And tell each other of Our Love.

SHEPHERDESS.

Oh! how I Blush! I'm Naked now:
 And see! my Coat is torn I vow.

DAPHNIS.

Thy Coat? I'll buy another new,
 Another and a better too.

SHEPHERDESS.

Ay now you Promise fair indeed;
 But what you say, You Men ne'er heed:
 And all the Promises you make,
 You afterwards design to Break.

DAPH-

DAPHNIS.

I don't, I wont, I cant, I vow

To break my Word I know not how :

I'll give the All, nay, could I do't,

I'd give my very Soul to boot.

SHEPHERDESS:

Then, Great *Diana*, pardon Me :

I must no more attend on Thee.

DAPHNIS.

A Calf to Love I'll yonder Kill :

And a Bulls Blood to *Venus* spill.

SHEPHERDESS.

I that a Maid did hither come,

Must go, it seems, a Woman home.

D

DAPH.

DAPHNIS.

Yes, yes, my Sweetest, thanks to Me,
A Fruitful Mother Thou shalt be :
And shalt no longer in a Joyless Bed
Be pester'd with a Barren Maidenhead.

Thus Youthful *Daphnis*, and the Blooming Maid,
Embracing lay Transported in the Shade.

Where They, when thus with Talk they'd
(heighten'd Love,
In Raptures loft, its Utmost Pleasures prove.

At last She rose, with Blushes in her Face ;
Where Modesty again resum'd its Place.

Full of those Joys she never knew till then,
A secret Pleasure ran thro every Vein.

The Shepherd too was pleas'd to Full Content,
And merrily to feed his Flocks he went.

Sylvia

SYLVIA

OR THE

Ruffle Torn.

I saw my *Sylvia* th' other morn,
 With looks devested of that Scorn,
 Which they too often us'd to Wear
 And fill her Lover with Dispair :
 When, soon as e'er the Dawn begun,
 The Lark (the Herald of the Sun)
 That was content, while Night went round,
 To lie in Silence on the Ground ;
 Now mounted singing to the Skies,
 And shew'd the Sun the way to Rise.

I saw her in her Morning Gown,
 Without her Glasses help put on,

VWhen tempted by th' approaching Light,
 And tir'd with Melancholy Night,
 She left the House, and downy Bed,
 And to a neighbouring Meadow hi'd:
 Helping the Sun to drive away
 The baleful Shades, and bring in Day.

Straitway with hasty steps I Strove,
 To proffer to attend my Love :
 But spying Me, away she flew ;
 Hopeless I ventur'd to Pursue,
 And trac'd her Footsteps in the Dew.
 But Ah ! in vain, had not a Thorn,
 An enemy to *Sylvia's* Scorn
 (Sure Loves Commands it did obey
 And Love had set it in the Way)
 Her progress for a while delay'd,
 And in her Ruffle lodg'd his Head.

When

When thus she saw her self o'erta'en,
 And that to run it was in vain ;
 Neglecting Me, with angry look
 Her Needle and her Thread she took ;
 Lamenting much her Ruffle torn,
 And much complaining of the Thorn.

Ah ! Cruel *Sylvia* ! then said I,
 From a fond Lover thus to fly ;
 And of a Ruffle torn to be
 So much more careful than of Me.
 The Muslin, by each Artful Wound
 Your Needle gives it, grows more sound.
 Strange Virtue in that Bit of Steel !
 That it should thus by Wounding Heal !
 But since you every Stitch command,
 The Virtue's only in your Hand.

Ah! did your Eyes That Method take,
 And heal with those deep wounds they make
 (As Good Physicians of t we see
 Prescribe a cruel Remedy)
 With Pleasure I'd the Pain endure,
 Assur'd of a Succeeding Cure,

To

To Sleep.

AH! Gentle Sleep, what have I done?
 To make thee thus unkindly shun
 My waiting Eyes ; and Lids that want
 That weight, which Thou deny'st to grant.

'Tis hard, when I Enticements try,
 Thou should'st from Those that Court thee fly.
 My Wandring Fancy tho I send
 To find thee out, and make thee mend
 Thy Sluggish Pace; 'tis all in vain,
 Thou com'st not to relieve my Pain.

Thou tak'st me sure for some Fond Fool,
 Some Scornful *Celia's* Whining Tool ;

Or One, whose Whim-projecting Head
Denies him Quiet in his Bed.

But from Love, Anger, Jealousie;
From all Designs and Cares I'm Free:
And only Wish, Sweet Sleep, for Thee.

Tho now so long thou dost Delay,
That I could almost Curse thy Stay.

I once a Resolution made
To live without Thy Death-like aid;
But yet That Death brings such Delight
The Hope alone to Die at Night
Doth Men to Live the Day invite.

But since Thou 'rt deaf to all I say
To thee, Sleep, I'll no longer pray
But to a kinder Deity,

To

To one that shall command e'en Thee.

For I'll to *Bacchus* make address,

And from his cluster'd Bunches press

The Generous Juice that shall impart

New Life and Comfort to my Heart.

First make me anxious Cares despise,

And then in Slumbers close my Eyes.

*A Dialogue between Horace and
Lydia.*

H O R A C E.

WHile I was *Lydia's* Only Dear,
Nor did a Happier Rival fear :
I could a Throne unenvying see,
And Kings Themselves might envy Me.

L Y D I A,

While *Lydia* was Your Only Care,
Nor You your *Chloe* thought more Fair :
Fam'd *Lydia* then, was Happier far
Than *Rhea* with her God of War.

H O-

H O R A C E.

But *Chloe*, Charming when she sings,
 And when her Fingers touch the Strings:
Chloe alone now rules My Heart ;
 For her with Life it self I'd part.

L Y D I A.

Young *Daphnis* too, that Beautious Boy,
 Is my Delight and Only Joy :
 I Smiling should my Breath resign,
 Might his 'Dear Life be bought with Mine.

H O R A C E.

But what if I should now again
 Be *Lydia's* Slave, and take her Chain ;
 And shake off *Chloe* from my Arms,
 And yield to none but *Lydia's* Charms.

L T D I A.

Tho *Daphnis* be Divinely Fair,
 Tho You than Winds less Constant are :
 I'd chuse to Live, and should desire
 With Thee, my *Horace*, to Expire.

From

From the Greek of Menander.

POOR Man ! Each Brute surpasseth Thee,
 In Happiness and Wisdom too.

For tho the Ass we Loaded see ;

Tho he's Compell'd to undergo
 The Weight that's laid upon his Back :

The Beast has Wit himself to spare,
 Makes no addition to the Pack,

And Bears but what he's Forc'd to Bear,
 While Men, with the too copious Store
 Of Ills which no One can avoid

Unsatisfi'd, in Seeking more,

And Making New ones are employ'd.

A Fragment from Petronius.

THus Dreams delude us in our Sleep at night,
And to some Hidden Store our Steps invite.

We, the Gay Treasure open'd to our Eyes,
Need few Enticements to so Fair a Prize :

But grasp with Guilty Hands the Gold, and fear
Left the too Wakeful Owner should be near.

But when with Sleep these Images retreat,
Awake we're troubled to perceive the Cheat :

And tho we cant the Aery Treasure find,
Yet still the Dream continues in our Mind.

Cupid and Aurelia.

O Nce *Cupid* did a shooting go :
 And having fix'd his Dart,
 And having drawn his little Bow,
 VWas aiming at a Heart.

But when he Fair *Aurelia* saw,
 He had no Power at all :
 He gaz'd on Her, was struck with Awe;
 And let his Arrow fall.

Aurelia then the God Defi'd,
 She took away his Bow ;
 She snatch'd his Quiver from his Side,
 And was about to go.

But

But when Young Love began to cry,
To think what he had lost :

That He should no Divinity,
Nor no more Conquests boast.

Here take your Bow again, said She,
Your Bow and Arrows take ;

My Eyes without Their aid, or Thee,
Can VVounds more lasting make.

VVine

Wine no Enemy to Wit.

IF we did Wit so Gain and Loose,
 According as Wine Ebbs and Flows ;
 Did Wit and Wine, like Night and Day,
 Alternatively bear the Sway :
 They ought to War with One another,
 As Things Destructive of Each Other.

But as a Ship, which Useless proves
 Unless by Waters help it Moves :
 So Wit, is never so Divine,
 As when with a Spring-Tide of Wine
 It Sails ; in order to explore
 Some New, and yet Unheard of Shore.
 Water gives Motion to the Boat,
 And Wit with Wine is set afloat.

To a Fair Lady that had Black Hair.

WHene'er an Artist with his Pencil tries,
 To make a pleasing Present to the Eyes;
 The Light with Shades he skilfully doth blend,
 Left too much Splendour should the Sight offend,
 Thus Nature work'd; and was resolv'd to shew
 Th' admiring World, her Master-piece in You.
 When the Bright Beauties of your Face sh^d had
 Your Darker Locks she added for a Shade:
 For well she knew, no Looker on could bear
 The Lustre of your Eyes, without your Hair.
 As Men that dare to Look upon the Sun,
 Half blinded by his Rays to Darkness run:
 So when the Sunshine of Your Eyes appears,
 It quite extinguishes Our Twinckling Stars;

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Zelinda's Charms.

Z*elinda's* Wit doth all the World surprize;
 She Charms Us all, she's so Divinely Fair:
 But had her Heart the Softness of her Eyes,
Zelinda then would be without Compare.

To

*To Damon, who seem'd much trou-
bled at a slight VVound that was acciden-
tally given him by a Fair Lady.*

Cease, *Damon*, cease concern'd to be
At Wounds, for which VVe Envy thee:
They're Yours by Chance, that's always Blind,
But they'd have pleas'd Me, tho' Design'd.
And who would not be VVounded too,
VWas That Fair Hand to give the Blow?
A VVound from That I'd rather have,
Than from Another Hand a Salve.

*'Upon an Unskilful Writer of a
Great Mans Life.*

OUr Author says, He'l make his Heroe Live
To Future Ages, and e'en Death survive:
But like the Quack, while he doth Life assure,
He Kills the Patient whom he meant to Cure.

To

To Zonara's Glove.

AH! Happy, Little Lodge, that dost
So Fine, so Fair a Tenant boast!

No Tow'ring Domes that pierce the Sky,

Nor may with Thee the * *Louvre* vie.

An House is but a VVorthless Thing,

The Tenant doth the Value bring:

VVhat else makes Palaces appear

Nobler than Other Houses are;

But because Kings Inhabit there.

Nor may the Noblest Palace be

VVith all its Pomp, Compar'd to Thee:

Since Thou within thy tender Walls dost shrowd,

What but to Touch would make a Monarch
(Proud.

* *The K. of France's Palace at Paris.*

The Poets Fortune.

THe God of Wit (unless the Story Lies)
 With *Daphne*, *Daphne* was Herself the Prize,
 For Swiftneſs once contended in a Race,
 And Loſt his Miſtreſs while he VVon the Bays:
 VVhen ſwell'd with Thoughts of Feaſting on
 (Her Charms,
 He clasp'd a Tree in his deluded Arms.

Thus Poets, who to Great *Apollo* owe
 Their tuneful Numbers, have His Fortune too;
 They loſe the Subſtance, but hold faſt the Bays;
 And ſtill are Curs'd with Poverty and Praise.

*An Epigram on Fortune, to prove
that a Moderate one is the best.*

U Nhappy are the Men who soar
To Fortunes Top, as well as He
VWhose Lot 'tis at her Feet to be :
For fickle Fortune is a *Whore*,
The Greatest Blessings she can give
VVe from her *Middle* must receive,
And None but They who *thereabouts* are sped,
Can to *Enjoy* her be with reason said :
Others perhaps may steal a *Kiss*,
But They alone can boast *true* Bliss.

From

From Petronius:

FRIENDSHIP is nothing but a meer Disguise,
 To skreen Self-Interest from our Flatter'd Eyes :
 For They who Courted you so much before,
 VVhen Fortune Frowns disdain to Know you
 (more,
 Thus on the Stage a well-play'd Farce I've seen,
 One has a Son and one a Father been :
 But soon as e'er the Curtain did descend,
 The Feign'd Relation with the Shew did End.

*An Epigram on an Atheist, from
Boileau.*

D*Amon*, as on his Couch at Ease he lies,
The Sacred Majesty of Heaven Denies :

VVhat Matter then? what VVonder is't? that
VVho Heaven dares Blaspheme, should dan- } (He,
Tho' his vain Malice I but Smile to see: } (der Me.

For well I know, that All that *Damon* faith
VVill not be reckon'd Articles of Faith.

A Translation of a Satyr of Boileau, by Him inscribed to M. Le Vayer.

WELL, Sir, 'tis true, that still the Fool will
 None but Himself in Sence has any share : (Swear
 There's not a Stupid Rogue, tho' ne'er so bad,
 But has the Wit to think his Neighbour Mad.

The Pedant see! can't like the Vulgar speak,
 But puff'd with Pride he struts and mutters *Greek*.
 A thousand Authers word for word he'l quote,
 And when all's done is but an errant Sot,
 Thinks in one musty Book all Wisdom lies,
 And Reason sees with *Aristotle's* Eyes.

Again, behold the Fop, who spends his Days
 In ambling up and down from Face to Face :

And

And under shelter of a Load of Hair,
 Worries with Dull Impertinence the Fair.
 Laughing at all the Learned ever writ,
 Thinks Ignorance entitles him to Wit;
 Which he allows to Him that Dresses well,
 But damns the Scholar to his College Cell.

The Bigot swell'd with Pride, thinks to beguile
 E'en Heaven it Self with his Affected Zeal:
 With Holy Looks he clokes a Wicked Mind,
 And to the Devil gives all Humankind.

The Libertine pursues another VVay,
 His VVill and Pleasure makes his only Law :
 Allows of Devils and Hell those idle Lies
 Usefull to still a Baby when it cries;
 But VVhims, not worthy to disturb His Head,
 And thinks that all Religious Men are Mad.

In short, whoe'er this Matter would pursue,
 And all the Folly's of Mankind would view,

Might

Might think as well to count how many Die
 In One Years space; by *R——d* and *Mercury*;
 Or how oft *Cynthia* sold her Maidenhead;
 Before she lost it in the Marriage Bed.
 But I'll have done : my Thoughts shall be confin'd;
 And in two words I'll let you know my Mind,
 Begging the Pardon of Those *Grecian* Seven,
 There is no perfect VVisdom under Heaven.
 All Men are Fools: and here the Only Difference
 (lies,
 That Some are more, and Some are less Unwise.
 As in a VVood which various Paths divide,
 Men lose their way that are without a Guide;
 And though Each one a Different Path doth choose,
 In this they still Agree, their VVay to lose.
 So in the VVorld's inextricable Maze
 Blind and Unhappy Men mistake their VVays,
 And Folly still thro' all the VVindings chace.
 And tho' their Fancies differ much, 'tis true,
 Yet Folly they in different Shapes pursue.
 And

And oft the Man, Wise in the Peoples Eyes,
Proves but an Ass Cloath'd with the Name of
(Wife.

But to what purpose are sharp Satyrs penn'd,
Since Every Fool to Wisdom will Pretend ?

Man's fway'd alone by his untoward Will,
And his Own Faults doth Vertues ever stile.

So take this Rule if you your Self would know,
He is most Wise who thinks himself least so:

Who pardons Others Errors, but when known
Doth execute just Judgment on his Own.

For most Men tho' they Others Faults can spy,
Yet view their Own with an indulgent Eye.

The Miser see ! he makes it all his Care
Treasures t'amass, which to Him Useless are ;

Making his Gold his Only Deity,

He starves i' th' midst of Superfluity :

And calls his Stinginess Good Husbandry.

And still the more his Stores encreas'd he views,

So much the more he wants the Power to Use.

Avarice

Avarice is Madnes; cries that other Fool,
 Who yet as much doth err from Wifdoms Rule;
 Who squanders Wealth away, and by his own
 (Mistake;
 Doth Fortunes Kindness, his Destruction make.
 Which of these Two think You the most Unwise?

Both are for *Bedlam* ripe, the Gamester cries,
 The silliest of the Three, whose All doth lie
 Stuff'd in a Box, and hangs upon a Die:
 His Destiny on every Throw, depends,
 And if Ill Luck inconstant Fortune sends
 And causes him to Loose, then how he Swears!
 How like a Man Possess'd he wildly stares!
 Nor even Heaven in his Curses spares:
 But let us leave him without more Reproof,
 Since his own Folly's Punishment enough.



F I N I S.

Roller from
His Hope
Oo Ya

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